Price 5 Cents. Established 1878

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME XLVIII. CHICAGO, FEBRUARY 20, 1902. NUMBER 25

"Why should I expect to be exempt from censure, the unfailing lot of an elevated station? Merit and talents, with which I can have no pretensions of rivalship, have ever been subject to it. My heart tells me that it has been my unremitted aim to do the best that circumstances would permit; yet I may have been very often mistaken in my judgement of the means, and may in many instances deserve the imputation of error."

George Washington

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Unity Publishing Company, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago.

ORGANIZED 1894. NINTH LOCAL SESSION

THE CONGRESS OF RELIGION

A SPRING SESSION IN THE SOUTH.

Through the courtesy of the Chautauqua organization at De Funiak Springs, Florida, on their grounds and in connection with their meetings, a session of this Congress will be held March 9—14, 1902. :: ::

Among the speakers expected to be present are Rev. Hiram W. Thomas, opening sermon; E. P. Powell of Clinton, New York, topic: "Some Great Things Ahead"; Mrs. Marguerite Warren Springer of Chicago, general organizer of the National League of Industrial Art, topic: "Industrial Art as the Religion of Democracy"; Miss Mary M. Bartelme of Chicago, topic: "What One State is Doing for its Children"; Rev. J. A. Rondthaler, pastor of the Fullerton Avenue Presbyterian Church, Chicago, topic: "The New Inspirations in Religion"; Rev. F. V. Hawley of Louisville, Ky., topic: "Fellowship"; Miss C. S. Parrish of the State Normal School, Athens, Georgia, (topic to be announced); Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago, topic: "The Parliament of Religions and What Next." Further speakers and topics to be announced. :: :: :: :: :: ::

De Funiak Springs is the rallying point of a large number of Southern people throughout a seven-weeks' session Chautauqua besides the resort of an increasing tide of visitors from the North, representing every State in the Union. It is accessible from all parts by the Louisville & Nashville system of railroads. Special round trip tickets are issued from various points on this road. For particulars concerning tickets, hotel accommodations and rates, address Wallace Bruce, De Funiak Springs, Florida.

Parties expecting to attend the Congress and willing to take part in the exercises are requested to address Jenkin Lloyd Jones, 3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago. :: :: :: ::

UNITY

VOLUME XLVIII. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1902. NUMBER 25

Clear water on smooth rock
Could give no foothold for a single flower,
Or slenderest shaft of grain;
The stone must crumble under storm and rain—
The forests crash beneath the whirlwind's power
And broken boughs from many a tempest shock,
And fallen leaves of many a wintry hour,
Must mingle in the mould.
Before the harvest whitens on the plain,
Bearing an hundred fold.
Patience. O weary heart!
Let all the sparkling hours depart,
And all thy hopes be withered with the frost,
And every effort tempest-tossed—
So, when all life,s green leaves
Are fallen, and moulded underneath the sod,
Tho shalt go not too lightly to thy God,
But heavy with full sheaves.

—*I.R. Sill.*

Robert Browning, in a letter quoted in Mrs. Bronson's article on "Browning in Venice" in the February *Century,* said:

"I get as nearly angry as it in me to become with people I love when they trifle with their health,—that is, with their life,—like children playing with jewels over a bridge-side, jewels which once in the water how can we, the poor lookers on, hope to recover?"

In Carl Snyder's article on "Marconi's Triumph in Wireless Telegraphy" he speaks of the man who "did not care for ridicule. He had plenty of money. Nothing else interested him so much and so he stuck to his guns and went ahead." Note "plenty of money." Without money he could not have gone ahead on these lines no matter how towering his genius. Without genius, which is another word for consecration, his money would have been useless. The fine problem of today is how to bring about an alliance between money and brains, not the brains content to use money in order to make more money, but the brains that can transmute money, which represents material wealth, into immaterial potency.

After reading the interesting account of "A Co-operative Telephone Service, A Local Experiment in Wisconsin" in the current number of *The Review of Reviews,* one is moved to ring up "Central" and say: "Hello! Who owns the telephone, anyhow? How much does it cost to install and manage this combination and what would your combination be worth if we, the people, the unpatented social instinct, the uncapitalized co-operative life of the modern community were not in it?" And we imagine the "Central" might reply: "Hello! At which end of the wire is the fool in this matter: the company, resting in its sublime presumption that it can speculate on the social nature of man, or the people, who pay so dearly to others for doing a work which they might do so easily and cheaply for themselves?" Read the article in question.

A neighborhood meeting was recently held at Hull House to consider the question of the threatened closing of the kindergartens in the public schools of Chicago. It was in the nature of an "experience meeting," where those present gave their testimony as to the value to their children of the kindergartens; fathers and mothers told of the benefits to their children, and all those present offered assistance in seeking to prevent the abandonment of the work. Since there was some doubt as to the exact nature of the proposed change, the chairman of the meeting prepared a series of questions to be addressed to the members of the Board of Education. It is hoped that the questions and answers will be ready for publication in our next issue. It is needless to say that the public may well view with alarm so serious a step as the complete abandonment of a fundamental part of our school system.

We wish the report of the Committee on the Protection of North American Birds for the year 1901, by Witmer Stone, which lies before us in pamphlet form, reprinted from the *Auk* for January, 1902, could be read by every woman in America and by at least all the men teachers and preachers within the same limits. This reveals the fact that "thousands of gulls and snipes have recently been slaughtered for the millinery trade; that at the present rate of destruction gull, snipe and tern will in a very short time be added to the already numerous list of almost extinct wild creatures of the continent." And all this because "women will be decorated," because it is "the style" and, to quote the words of an intelligent and cultivated groom married but seven months: "I have been married long enough to know that there is one direction in which a woman's life cannot be easily changed. She will not abandon the 'Style' or do much to overthrow what sways her with irresistible power." Alas, for the bird that is doomed to death, but still more alas, for the woman that is doomed to live in such servitude.

The publication of a coarse story in one of the daily papers of Chicago, evidently a story inspired for "Society" purposes and under "Club" inspiration, has started again the silly and brutal question, "Would you like to have your daughter marry a nigger?" As though that question solved once and for all the race problem and its social, educational and religious significance. What if the answer be "no," does that mean that the colored man has no claim upon the courtesies that belong to a human being, no capacities for fellowship, mental intercourse, culture-companionship? There are many men with white skin that one might not choose for the husband to his daughter, but that does not fix the boundaries of his human relationship, social possibilities or local rights. The brutality of this question is more aggravated when we remember that it is most often asked in communities where the streets

are checkered with blanched negroes, and every fractional negro has a white father more or less immediate, which goes to prove that that union which is supposed to be such a tremendous enormity inside of wedlock is of such frequent occurrence outside of wedlock that it has ceased to arouse either social or moral comment. Who are the "Fools Rushing In?" Let a fool be answered according to his folly.

Felix Adler has been in Chicago for a week, speaking under the auspices of the Ethical Society at the Hull House and elsewhere, leaving behind him, as he always does, a clarified thought-atmosphere, an enkindled moral sense. His closing address last Sunday was on "The New Attitude Toward Wealth," the last of a series of lectures on "The Twentieth Century Morality." Mr. Adler said in part:

In speaking of this new attitude, I am dealing not in a theory but in a fact. The great fact is that men of large wealth are beginning to stand up in the community and unbalance themselves of their surplus wealth. This is done as a voluntary act, distinctly as a matter of social obligation.

One of our wealthiest men has recently crystallized this idea by saying that he considered it a disgrace to die rich, and should devote the rest of his life to distributing among the community a great part of the wealth accumulated during his lifetime. He said that he considered this to be his duty to humanity. This recognized obligation of the rich man is founded upon a moral as distinguished from a legal basis.

The rich men know that in the eyes of the law every dollar that they have is sacred to themselves. But morally the rich man is beginning to realize that all his vast riches is not his to keep. There is a limit to self-indulgence, and that limit is long since passed by the majority of the wealthy people of today. The only remedy for this abuse of money is for the wealthy to pour back some of their riches into the social sea.

The great influence that is bringing about the recognition of this obligation is the effect of democracy in this country. Whatever there is that is false in democracy, there is the great virtue—the feeling that every human being has the right of consideration.

The "illustrious English scholar and teacher" which Bishop Potter recently encountered in London on leaving St. Paul's Cathedral, is the type of many of the most cultured and most honest men and women of every community, as he is a representative of the tenderest reverence and highest devoutness in the community. He went to the Cathedral, as he explained to the Bishop, because he "could go there without risk of being corralled; I am not ready for that. The traditions in which I was raised and I have parted company for better or for worse. * * * But I want a place in which to lift up my cry, a place in which to be still, a place in which to wait on some higher voice." For his full argument and its use in the justification and explanation of the cathedral see Bishop Potter's article in the February *Century*. This same article tells of the significant triumph of "The Chapel of Tongues" in the great St. John's Cathedral approaching completion in New York City. Here German, Spanish, French, Swedish, Italian, Armenian and Chinese each come at the proper time and place to worship, but presumably here they must worship in the ritual of Episcopacy. The truly American cathedral will allow them each to worship in their own way, aye, to speak of the unspeakable in terms of their own choosing. The American cathedral will not be creed-limited, but will be the home of sincerity and aspiration expressed not in one but in many ways.

Charities for February contains an instructive article on "The Training of Children in Institutions," by the superintendent of a New York orphan asylum, the first sentence of which is, to our mind, an unanswerable arraignment of all instituted provision for normal children. The better the institution the worse it is, if good institutions are to be judged by regularity, cleanliness, orderly methods and smooth-running wheels, because this is possible only when the child becomes a cog in the wheel and when there is minimum play for individual choice and individual responsibility. The "asylum" in all its phases for normal inmates must go. There is a better way and that way is now discovered, and the money now expended would more than meet the demands of the better way. It only needs intelligence and courage and freedom from convention on the part of the present patrons of these institutions who do not like to give up the luxury of being good to orphans and half orphans, aged people and paupers en bloc. The last argument urged to the writer by a generous supporter of one of these prosperous urban institutions against de-urbanizing them, was that "the lady managers would not go out into the country to visit the inmates and superintend the institution." But the institution is not for the benefit of the management. Suppose the inmates are wisely scattered in homes and their board and care provided by the money now spent on the institution, the inmate might learn to care for himself, and the benevolence of the community would superintend the needs of one more less unfortunate member. The following is the extract referred to:

"The first and prime requisite for the proper training of children anywhere, whether in a home or in an institution, is the conception that child life must be expressive and individual rather than repressive and *en masse*. Where large numbers of children are cared for there must be many things in the course of each day that are done by all, at the same time and in the same manner. This is necessary to organization and to economy. With children to a much greater degree than with adults this uniformity is opposed to individuality."

The Good Story.

There is not one influence just now more to be deprecated than "the good story." It is told in lawyers' offices, in stores and, we are sorry to say, at gatherings where ministers are present. We remember how shocked was one of our bravest and strongest men, not too Puritanical in sentiment, who attended a banquet of a New England society (not, we are glad to say, in New England). He pronounced the after dinner talk, in his judgment, not that in which gentlemen should take part. "New England," he said, "should always stand for that which is manly and helpful, morally as well as intellectually. But here was a tobacco smudge, penetrated by jokes that were not considered by the reporters fit for publication. Indeed, no one would think of repeating them on the public streets, nor would any paper dare to publish them." The writer of these notes was one day walking with a lad of his church, when he happened just behind a man, a candidate for Governor of the State, and with a noted physician. One of them telling a good story, and both were heartily enjoying

it. It did not need permission of conventionalism to promptly touch this man on the shoulder and say, "You must not forget that you are walking the public streets. One of them was promptly turned about with "You are right, sir! I ought to be reproved. So had any man who runs the risk of contaminating the youth. Thank you, sir." "Or contaminates himself, my friend. For this is the blunt truth, that no one can contaminate others if not himself corrupt."

Is the "good story" good in any sense of the word, if it have a sensuous flavor or exercise a sensuous influence? Sitting in the Academy of Music one night many years ago we overheard two young men in front to this effect: One said: "The one thing of all others I most regret is having ever listened to corrupt stories. Some of those that I heard in my boyhood are still clinging to my mind, in spite of all my efforts to fight them out or forget them. I hate the men who poured this stuff into my ears." The other responded that he had early in life resolved that he would neither hear nor tell anything of the sort. "I hold it to be an outrage to repeat such language under any conditions whatever. The only way that I know of getting along with the matter is to show a prompt distaste for it, and resentment. This I have to do repeatedly. In my judgment a man lowers himself below a beast who carries about a repertoire of vulgarity to retail to others." Just then the curtain rose, and we had the opportunity of listening to some of the best music of the age. But that which we most clearly remembered of that night is the conversation of those two young men.

We need a bold, brave, outspoken campaign—a thoroughly intolerant campaign against the tainted tale, "The good story." We denounce the vulgar book; we imprison its publisher. Why shall we endure a solution of the same sort of imagination, under the heading of "a good story." It is said that when Charles Sumner was in England he was so annoyed at an after dinner of distinguished statesmen that he bluffly arose and left the company. He did right. It was the deed of a man. It is rank cowardice that hesitates or in any way condones corruption.

It must be plainly understood that "it is a short down-hill road from errors in words to errors in things"; from tainted words to tainted deeds. It is a falsehood to call that a good story which is inherently bad; and as it is misleading it is all the more dangerous. The young meet enough pitfalls and temptations without a gilded lie of this sort. "Keep your language clean, young man, and you will not find it difficult to keep your soul clean. Your soul and your tongue are close companions." Nobody knows where a sensual influence, once set in motion, will stop; and it is all the more dangerous when it is labeled good. We do not feel inclined to mince matters. This evil is altogether too widespread, and in high places. It is fully time that religious people began to speak boldly. What we want is pure boys and girls; and the boys with hearts as clean as the girls'. That is what we build our churches for; for that we sustain all of our religious institutions. Every parent that deserves to have a child desires above everything else honesty and purity. Then we must have a high standard of both speech and action in adult life. Let us have an end of infectious vulgarity in our social gatherings of all sorts. It is time that men were as clean out of sight of women as with their wives and daughters. Once more, and emphatically, we demand in the name of religion and of good citizenship, a better social conscience.

E. P. Powell.

The Secret.

The earth has secrets we can make our own,
  We bring to light its gems and precious ore,
  We toil with gladness for its hidden lore—
Rejoicing when new truth to us is known:
Nature so much to man her child has shown
  That we may ever grandly hope for more,
  From her abundant all-bewitching store—
Till time into eternity has flown!
The secret of our life to life itself
  Shall surely be in time at length revealed;
  It will unfold as from the stem the flower:
We gather knowledge with our work and pelf,
And by the balm of love our wounds are healed,
  And somehow we attain to peace and power!

God makes us men in making us to seek
  For what remains behind the show of things.
  He plants in us the spirit power of kings,
Who were at first his creatures poor and weak:
He shows no favor to the Jew or Greek,
  And in all lands his praise the poet sings,
  And service sweet each spirit truly brings—
While God gives blessing to the pure and meek!
Here we to-day have sense of life divine,
  A string of pearls for all the endless years;
    It comes to us in spite of care and strife;
As flowers to sun, so souls to God incline,
  And time each onward step of mind endears,
    And so unfolds the secret of our life!

William Brunton.

What Glasgow has Done for Workingmen.

Glasgow has done about everything possible for the workingmen. She has erected for them homes in every portion of the city, which are rented to the poor at a nominal rate. Widows and widowers have two well-equipped homes where they are boarded at almost a trifling sum, and the babies are cared for by the city nurses while the bread-winners are at work. Penny baths are erected by the municipality in all parts of the city where workingmen reside. Municipal tramways take laborers to their work at from one to two cents. Municipal ferries take workmen to the shops for five miles down the Clyde, for two cents. Municipal concerts are free for workmen in the evening; municipal lectures free; free night schools, with free courses in business and technical studies. A free employment bureau is maintained by the city, to seek work for the unemployed. Almost without exception, the city takes the part of the workingmen in labor disputes.

The city has torn down hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of rookeries that the children of the poor might have playgrounds, and provides the playthings besides. The city provides gas light free for the alleys, and even the hallways, of the poor. Twenty-two co-operative societies of the city provide the workingman's supplies at the lowest possible rate. And thus Glasgow has made great advances in that practical Social Betterment which "Social Service" aims to teach.—*Social Service.*

The Seventh General Meeting of the Congress of Religion.

Possibilities of Common Worship.

BY REV. M. H. HARRIS, PH.D., OF NEW YORK.

Theologies and creeds do not precede religions, they follow them. In the same way, man worshiped long before he sought to explain its meaning and its significance. The critical and the analytic tendency came late in human development. They imply a survey of that which already is and a retrospect of that which has been. Worship—man has always worshiped, from the time that his soul rose in contemplative admiration of the universe about him. When the first man prayed, he did not ask why he clasped his hands or fell upon his knees. The act was spontaneous, an external ebullition of a strong feeling within. Prayer is but a form of worship put in words. Worship may not always need the vehicle of language. At times it finds expression, the unspoken aspiration, in a sense of gratitude, in the ecstacy of lofty feeling, in an emotional outburst of an overwrought soul. While prayer is a distinct act, worship is rather a spiritual state.

Sometimes we can point to lives that we say are in themselves the essence, the embodiment of worship, a benediction. Still, this is but a metaphoric use of the word and may confuse rather than clarify our concept. Language has a seductive way of leading us into strange bypaths. But as worship is developed into institutions, worship comes to be understood as a distinct religious function. Public worship has come to mean the assembling of a congregation at a stated time for prayer. As soon as a group gather together for communion with the Divine, an exquisite stage in human growth is already reached, men joining for the most solemn act they know in response to the holiest impulse within. Here is human kinship in a new direction in the recognition of common dependence upon a higher being, a common sense of thankfulness to the source of all that is. "One touch of"—something higher than Nature—"that makes the whole world kin." I therefore see in the worship of a multitude an added something of value as distinct from the solitary worship of the individual, necessary as this may be at times, beautiful as it always is. The value is human and social apart from being religious and divine, apart from the value of the worship itself. But a group that worship together have reached specific concepts of divine ruling and human obligation. These Specific concepts are what we call religion; they to an extent express the individuality of a people, their "Welt Anschauung," the epitome of themselves. This particular religion of a particular community reflects their history, their civilization, their strivings, their character. They come to realize through it their common point of view. They come to call their idea of God as verily their God. Their ritual expresses brokenly, imperfectly, yet in a measure adequately the surging of their soul, their relation to their Maker.

But we are asked to consider a larger question tonight. In how far can this religious group, whose individuality is expressed in its particular religious cult, cross the boundaries of its creed and enter into common worship with another religious community that has developed its separate, distinct religious identity. If this can be achieved the gain is vast, for the field of that kinship which the common worship of a single group implies, of which I have already spoken, is here extended to a larger multitude—prophecy of a universal brotherhood.

The possibilities suggest themselves at once. All legitimate religions hold a something in common; some religions hold very much in common. Judaism, Christianity and Mohammedanism, having sprung from a single root, have ethically at least a common concept of God, in that he is the God of righteousness. Yet further, they all recognize in a measure the oneness of God—monotheism. And, although the Christian adds to the Israelitish declaration, "God is One," the modification, "Jesus is His begotten Son," and gives a trinitarian complexion to their monotheism; although the Mohammedan appends the modification, "Mohammed is His prophet," still, in their best and loftiest expression, both these are monotheistic, and turn with unanimous accord to the God of Israel as the great Father of mankind. Secondly, the interpretation of duty in the three creeds is largely common, and while the moral points of view are not identical, while each particular creed may bring specific virtues to the fore—Judaism, justice; Christianity, love; Mohammedanism, submission—and differ as to which should be subordinate, while the means of reaching Divine grace and the theory of human atonement and Divine retribution vary with each of these creeds, the realization of a moral law directing the universe, propelled by a Power not ourselves, making for righteousness, has come to be almost a universal possession of man. What is called the Golden Rule, a summary of human obligations, is found in many religions other than the three cardinal creeds just mentioned, and the nineteenth century revelation of the other religions of the East, by Max Mueller and scholars such as he, tells us of the sense of moral obligation and realization of a Supreme Being found among people that we have been too fond and too ready to call benighted. Surely with this identity in at least the great essentials it would seem that we should be ready to join at once in common worship—an immediate logical inference. Already in antiquity the Bible foreshadows it. Solomon's prayer voices the hope that Israel's Temple may come to be used by the stranger. The second Isaiah tells us that God's house is a house of prayer for all nations. The author of Isaiah XIX longs for a common altar to unite in worship Assyria, Egypt and Israel.

But here we touch the great source to which, alas! we go back for inspiration but too rarely. Here is a common foundation, but on this foundation we have built distinctive structures. The man we call a liberal, the man whom culture, education, travel and varied experience have given breadth of view, could easily turn from the specific formality of the religion of his people to the source of all religions can readily reach their common ground. He sees the ceremony, the ecclesiastical rite, the ritual, the sacrament, in their true subordinate place. The liberals of all religions could easily come together for common worship. They the more readily recognize the sublime essentials that they hold in common. Benjamin Disraeli once said that the deepest thinkers in all religions believe alike.

But it would seem to me that if we wished to further common worship between the followers of different creeds, our concern is less with the liberal, who can in a sense take care of himself, whose religious emancipation, so to speak, is already achieved; it rather concerns those who cannot see the forest for the multitude of the trees, who, entangled within the meshes of sectarian demand, are not gifted with the clarity of vision to see a universal principle. They cannot rise high enough to survey the grand religious perspective, with its glorious meeting point on the heavenly horizon of futurity. The Italian navvy, telling his beads to the image of his patron saint, the Jewish peddler from the Russian Pale, praying in Hebrew with his phylactery and praying shawl for the restoration of Israel to Zion—can these two types be brought together on a common ground of worship and be made to realize a common sense of obligation to God? Can they be induced to join in a common hymn of praise to the Most High? Prayer! How vast and how different the understanding of prayer, a world of divergence as to its efficacy, even among classes much more cultured

than those just specified! What is there in common between the prayer of the Christian Scientist who thinks that his petition can cure inflammatory rheumatism, and who believes, as we were recently told, that the petition of its minister in New York changed the inscription already made on a stone in another State in the course of transit to the metropolis—what is there, I say, in common between that kind of prayer that is very closely allied to magic, and the prayer of him who recognizes that no word of his, however devoutly uttered, can diverge by a hair's breadth the divine purpose of Him who "before the mountains were brought forth sat enthroned as the everlasting God?" To some, prayer is a sacrament, the discharging of a necessary religious obligation, valid only when uttered at a prescribed time and place and under prescribed ritual conditions.

Or, again, thousands may be gathered from different denominations, ready to pray in common; not, however, because their breadth of view had realized the essential identity in their varied faiths, but rather, perhaps, because of their indifference to the spiritual value of prayer, because perhaps prayer has become for them a formality, a lip-service, easy-going persons who are ready to say that the common prayer will do no harm because they had already inwardly registered the thought that prayer will do no good. We must beware that we do not cheapen prayer, sacrificing depth to breadth.

Furthermore, common worship, though it mean nothing else, should surely mean at least a spirit of friendliness among those who join in it, a real human sympathy. That this is its value is my refrain. For this reason cardinally is it a desideratum? To put it in other words, we must join hands in kinship before we can join voices in prayer. Can religion bring about that human kinship? History's record is not favorable. Even within the fold of the one religion—Christianity—Catholicism's persecution of Albigenses, Huguenots and Protestants generally is an appalling chapter in human annals. A picture of the tragic past of the Jew comes up before my view, and I see religion, that should foster unity, fomenting antagonism. I see my people hounded from all European lands with the cry of "Hep! Hep!" behind them, despoiled, exiled, massacred. Religion should have brought the people together, yet here it was religion that was building the barrier of separation. It is an unfortunate record that Jews and Christians lived together in concord until the church intervened and educated the people in a hatred against those to whom they were indebted for God and the Bible. This hatred was artificially fostered by the ecclesiastics, and it took some centuries before it was made the prevailing attitude of the Gentile toward the Jew. When I realize that it was the church that shut the Jew up in the noisome Ghetto and put upon him the badge of shame, that declared his touch contamination and excommunicated Christians who attended his festivities or even nursed his sick, I ask myself what could there be common between the members of these different religions, how could they possibly ever come together to unite in common worship of the One Father of us all?

Yet, on the other hand, when I read of wonderful friendships, even in the Dark Ages, between many Jews and Gentiles, in spite of church synods and Benedictine monks, between the Jewish physician, Donnolo, and the Christian, Abbot Nilus; between the Jewish translator, Anatoli, and the Christian scholast, Michael Scotis; between the great Italian poets, Dante and Immanuel; between Kalonymos and Robert, King of Naples; between Pico de Mirandola and Jewish Kabbalists; between that noble Christian, Reuchlin, and the Jews of Germany; between Elias Levita, the Hebrew grammarian, and Cardinal Egidio; between Wagensell and the rabbis of Vienna; when I see Christian scholars sitting at the feet of Hebrew teachers in the Middle Ages, learning from them the Bible in the original, enabling thus the Jews to have had their share in bringing about the great Protestant Reformation; when I read of that chivalrous knight of the fifteenth century who removed the cross from his door that Jews might greet him with unreserved friendliness; when I enter a Christian church and see the congregation respond to the Jewish psalms and the minister give his exhortation from the teachings of the prophet Isaiah—I wonder what could have ever divided them.

It would naturally be our first desideratum, then, that human sympathy precede common worship. It is of less concern that one man's belief converge towards that of another than that his social attitude should be humane and kindly. Let me feel the friendliness of my brother man and our divergent creeds will take care of themselves. Show me the identity of creed between two men bitterly hostile, how thin and shadowy and distant the identity between them virtually becomes! You wish me to join in worship with you, one might say; I cannot do so if you have decided that your daughter cannot be educated with mine.

I have candidly presented difficulties, not to oppose common worship, but in its interest; for if I can indorse it in the face of what would seem to discourage it, that indorsement will have more value. And I do indorse it. I take the bull by the horns and say if human kinship does not precede a common worship, then let us hope it may grow out of it. I believe that common worship between conservatives and radicals, between Christians and Jews, even though occasionally indulged in, will broaden all worship, without in any way jeopardizing the distinct identity of separate cults. For common worship, as I understand it, does not mean that we must give up our individual ritual, so precious to us, and the divine service of our particular creeds that express more exactly our personal individuality, as we do not all think the same nor believe the same. Such surrender would not be a gain, but a loss deplorable. There are times when the smaller groups must meet together to voice an aspiration that more truly echoes the yearnings of their hearts, yet there are occasions outside of the prescribed seasons specified by the church and the synagogue, on which we all might meet, occasions when the sentiment underlying is a common one. In this respect I have always seen a great gain and a deep significance in the American institution of Thanksgiving Day, where, mark you, without the slightest theological interference, without any disturbance or protest from ecclesiastical boards, Christians and Jews, orthodox and progressives, open their houses of worship and all give expression in their different services to one grand pæan of grateful praise. Here, then, is our first reply to the question, "Is common worship between different creeds possible?" Yes! First on occasions outside of the religious calendars. On such occasions even those crude types earlier referred to, the Italian Catholic navvy and the Russian Jewish emigrant, might perhaps be brought together to listen in responsive mood to a prayer voicing the sentiment of both. I see their children sitting side by side in the common school listening to the teacher's prayer. Ah! Common education will prepare the way for Common worship. Secondly, on occasions of special emergency.

When a storm broke out on the ship that was carrying Jonah to Tarshish all the passengers and sailors began praying to their gods to save them and turned to Jonah, telling him to pray to his God, too. Notice here a common sense of danger, a common need, a common call to prayer, the common recognition of its efficacy; yet separate worship to separate divinities; but a step for all to join in a common prayer for safety.

We have sufficiently advanced since the days of Jonah for passengers on shipboard to join in one worship—yes, and without the need of a common danger to bring them together. Thirdly, even at the prescribed services of church and synagogue, common worship is feasible, when conditions favor less formality. In our summer resorts, perhaps in the woods, away from any particular church, the need for worship none the less comes. In the summer we are all freer, less bound by the conventionals of daily life. There is a readier willingness to join in common worship, and it has been my privilege under circumstances such as these to direct the divine worship in an improvised sanctuary and preach the sermon for Christian groups of varied denominations, brought together for the common end of rest and recreation. These special occasions may not appear significant to the participants at the time, yet they all tend to break down the reserves and may bring about the fraternity of which I have spoken. For when the Christian returns once more to town and to his associates there, he cannot feel quite so far away from the Jewish community, one of whose members at least ministered to his spiritual needs a few short weeks ago.

What, then, is the greatest requisite? Is it breadth of belief? Less that than what I will call *sympathetic imagination,* that anticipates the religious sensibilities of others; for even self-styled liberals are not always so considerate for the specific sanctities of those who belong to creeds different from their own.

This, by the way, is a sore point among the Jews with regard to public institutions of the young. Said to be non-sectarian, the term is found to have its legitimate meaning only within certain Protestant denominations. Superintendents and chaplains seem to be unaware in these days, when ignorance is least excuse, that Jesus Christ is not the Messiah of the Jews nor the cross the emblem of the synagogue.

A first requisite of common worship is first to find out what really is common through a considerate imagination that takes pains to discover the boundaries of the inclusive circle.

Do you know what caused the Indian Mutiny about half a century ago? Not difference of belief, but the absence of consideration. The English insisted upon the use of cartridges greased with animal fat, which, you know, have to be bitten before use. The officers lacked that sympathetic imagination that would have helped them to feel the violation of the Indian conscience at the eating of animal food—and the tragedies of Lucknow and Cawnpore were the consequence.

The painstaking care to find the religious sensibilities of others will serve more than the negative purpose of not offending; it will lead to the study of the beliefs of others. This will naturally bring us together, first by necessity and later by choice. Psychologically, the very search for a common ground will create it. The one half will find out how the other half spiritually lives and will learn to say with Malachi, "Have we not all one Father, has not one God created us all? Wherefore should we deal treacherously one against the other and profane the covenant of our fathers?"

The ultimate purpose of worship will not be weakened but strengthened. We will be taught that our life must in some way correspond to the expression of our aspirations. We will strive for harmony between the solemn words in the sanctuary and the secular doings of daily life. The sincere desire for community of worship should teach that no man can enter God's presence with hatred in his soul. "How good and beautiful it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" will become prayer's necessary overture. Surely it will bring home to us again the realization that God looked to the thought the motive, not the word, and that He will judge the purity of our worship by the purity of our feelings and deeds. Such must be the spirit of all worship—the worship of God in the beauty of holiness.

"The Riddle of the Universe": Is the Universe Intelligible, and is it Divine?

"Undoubtedly we have no questions to ask which are unanswerable. We must trust the perfection of the creation so far as to believe that whatever curiosity the order of things has awakened in our minds, the order of things can satisfy."—Emerson's *Nature.*

"The earnest expectation of the creation waiteth for the revealing of the sons of God."—Paul's Epistle to the Romans.

It is a commonplace of present-day knowledge that we are living in a vastly altered world from that our forefathers knew. The little three-story heaven, earth and hell of the Bible and of mediæval theology have been expanded by the discoveries of Copernicus and Laplace into an illimitable universe. The petty six thousand years of history, allowed since the creation by the chronology of Bishop Usher, have been lengthened by the researches of Lyell and Darwin into the untold millions of years needful for the geological transformation of the earth's surface, and for the rise upon it of vegetable and animal life. The earth upon which we live can no longer be held to be the special object of the Divine thought and care. We now conceive it to be the only one of perhaps thousands of similar bodies like it rushing through space, and possibly bearing with them equally precious fruits of the age-long process of which all are the result. But now arises the question, by which many a mind today is being secretly agitated, and to which some think they must give a negative answer, Is this universe which science reveals intelligible to human reason, and is it—as the human heart has always felt it must somehow be—also divine?

A notable book has recently appeared which is influencing a multitude of readers to give a decided "No" to the second, if not to the first, half of the question. The universe, it is admitted, may be intelligible, but it cannot—so the conclusion runs—be held to be divine. This book goes on to deny the existence of any spiritual principle whatever. It denies even the existence of the human soul, except as a product of the bodily life which perishes when the body dies. The author bases his reasoning upon so much that is of seeming authority, he argues with such an appearance of fair play, he is so fertile in illustration, so keen in statement, and so brilliant in summing up his results in a few simple propositions, that what he says is bound to have much weight. He writes, moreover, in a style of great vigor and with command of a very wide range of knowledge, so that he is likely to overawe young readers, and indeed any who are not trained to test thoroughly his assumptions and scrutinize closely his logic.

The book to which I refer is "The Riddle of the Universe," by Prof. Ernst Haeckel, of the German University of Jena. First published in his native tongue, it was translated into English and issued by Harper & Bros. There are signs abroad that already, within a year after its appearance in America, it is being widely read, and is making a profound impression upon the class of minds most liable to be misled by it. The author's name is well-known in scientific circles as that of an eminent biologist, a follower of Darwin, and a gifted interpreter to the German people of the principles of evolution. Some of his popular works upon natural history have been extensively circulated in the Old World and in the New. They

have done much to establish and defend the main features of the Darwinian theory of natural selection. To this theory their author has also made some original contributions.

In his special field of research, one of my limited training would be as unable to cope with this distinguished man of science as any David with his sling and stone to meet a full-armed Goliath with his sword and spear. Nor would I now, as a reviewer has said, "pronounce upon his argument with that glib and complacent omniscience which, with many a minister preaching out of a hasty judgment and narrow reading, is as great a 'foible' as it was with Whately," of whom, you will remember, it was said that "science was his forte and omniscience his foible." Science is not my forte, and if the book under consideration were a work of purely scientific character, my verdict against it would be practically worthless. But this is just what "The Riddle of the Universe" is not.

Prof. Haeckel's attitude appears at first sight to be that of the disinterested scientist. But before the reader has gone very far he finds himself being led into a maze of pseudo-scientific speculation upon all things in earth and heaven. Not satisfied to remain within his own department of biology, where one would be careful not to dispute his verdict unless he felt himself in some sense his equal, we find the author speaking with the same confident authority in regard to astronomy, physics, chemistry, psychology, ethics and religion. What wonder if the discerning reader pauses to ask whether we have not here among the scientists a Whately, whose "foible" of omniscience makes him unworthy of our confidence?

This is the more clearly seen when it becomes evident from his preface that Prof. Haeckel is in love with a certain cosmic theory which it is the confessed object of his book to establish. What this theory is will appear presently. But let it first be noted that in stepping down from his high seat as an investigator of objective truth, and becoming a special pleader for a pet idea which he seeks to defend, Prof. Haeckel has placed himself in the common arena of all philosophic speculation, where any fair antagonist who will may challenge him to a trial of strength. Goliath has lowered his weapons and unbuckled his armor and helmet, so that the smooth pebble slung by any puny David may perchance strike home and lay him in the dust!

Professor Haeckel's theory is what is known to students of philosophy as "monism." That is, he seeks to derive all that *is* from one fundamental ground or substance. There are two opposing forms of monism, one of which is probably the ruling form of thought at the present day. This is the view that the one ultimate ground of all reality is spirit, or, to use the language of religion, is God. Professor Haeckel holds the opposite view, that the one ultimate "substance," as he prefers to call it, of the universe is matter. Of spirit as having any reality in itself he knows nothing, either in man or in God.

From the self-development of an original universal substance, combining in itself the two attributes of extension and force, our author derives the whole manifold structure of the creation. He is a consistent evolutionist, but he makes evolution a blindly mechanical process. He does not admit the existence, behind or within the forms and forces of nature, of any rational purpose. It is all the outcome of an unceasing dance of material atoms. These atoms, however, he is required by his theory to endow with feeling and will; *i. e.*, the beginnings of mental life. But no supreme intelligence set the stars and the sun and the planets in the firmament, bringing forth upon the earth its manifold life and beauty. No self-conscious spirit, in and through and over all things, answers to the awe and reverence and love of our spirits. You and I, or at most the leaders of our race, are the greatest *persons* in the universe, unless some greater than we have developed upon other worlds than this. Man's faith in the invisible, down through the ages, his worship, his prayers, his hopes for a future life, have met no answering reality, says this terrible Professor.

We cannot but admire the unshrinking courage with which he draws his conclusions, even though they shock the deepest reverences of our souls. We follow him with keen interest while he tries to show how the entire scheme of things results from the constant working together of matter and force under the iron law of cause and effect. There is a fascination in tracing one great idea through countless applications. We have to demur when his argument makes a bold leap from the inorganic to the organic realm of life. Science has not yet shown how living matter springs from that which we call dead. We may be given pause again when farther on he claims to prove, with great show of scientific evidence, that as man is descended from the brutes, so he can no more have a soul than the other animals, or indeed than the single cell of living matter which is at the basis of all animate existence. These are weak places in the scheme, but they affect almost as much any thorough-going theory of evolution. If we are evolutionists at all, what have we to say against the contention that matter is all and there is nothing else? What proof have we of any higher force than mechanical or chemical energy in the carrying on of the universe?

The question reveals at once a glaring omission in Prof. Haeckel's scheme. He quite neglects to account in any adequate fashion for the activity of *thought*. This is the more remarkable in one who enjoys so keenly the play of his own powerful intellect. But in framing his plan of the universe he leaves out, to all intents and purposes, the force that enables him to conceive such a plan at all. Matter is of two kinds, he tells us—that which *can* be weighed and that which *cannot*. Matter which can be weighed is the kind we know and handle. The other kind is known only by the service it performs for us. It is the "cosmic ether" with which the wide spaces of the heavens are supposed to be filled. Something must be there to bring to our senses the light and heat of the fixed stars. Scientists call this something "ether," but know little more about it than that it probably *is*. Yet matter is not thought; ether is not thought. For although thought can transmit light and heat it is not between stars, but between souls.

Professor Haeckel says that thought is only a product of matter. Suppose it is; but what sort of stuff is this "matter" that generates thought? One mass of thinking "matter" is capable of writing the plays of Shakspere, another of founding the Christian religion. So much "matter" goes to sustain the life of a man who guides the course of a great republic. An equal amount keeps alive another man who uses the energy it gives him to destroy this first man. Wherein is the world-wide difference between them? It is not primarily in the "matter," but in the *mind* which directs it. There is no question as to which is the superior force. Matter produce mind, which analyzes, comprehends and moulds it as it will? *Not unless there is mind in the matter, or behind it, in the first place.*

Here is where the careful thinker must part company with Professor Haeckel. His general scheme of the evolution of the solar system from a nebulous cloud of substance, and the appearance in regular descent through the whole animal kingdom, after many millions of years, of man, we readily accept. It is the view to which all solidly-grounded thinking is gradually coming around. The universe, and ourselves as its latest products, have somehow evolved, even if we

do not know precisely how. This is as certain as that we are here. But that we have evolved from unconscious, undivine matter we cannot conceive. We are beings whose whole lives are bound up in and determined by *thought*. Moreover, we mutually comprehend and help one another. *We think in unison.* It has always been so, essentially, since man came to exist. We can understand perfectly the records of the earliest men that have come down to us. If they were here, and knew our language, they could understand us. Our processes of thinking would be the same. "All minds," says Dr. Channing, "are of one family." It is not the family of the stars, nor yet of the rocks, nor yet of the grass and the flowers, nor yet of the birds and the bees—though these last, and especially some of the still higher animal forms, come nearest it, but none quite within the circle. All minds are of one family, and that one, so the highest thought of our race concludes, is the family of God and his children.

The great gift of science to our time is its conception of the universe as *alive* through all its unlimited expanse. It is an idea that found expression in poetry before it became fixed in sober prose. The universe is everywhere alive! The book that we have been considering teaches that its life is that of blind will and unintelligent force. The whole mighty process, so the author declares, has no meaning whatever. Worlds come and go, humanity rises and decays, and no permanent trace is left. If this were so, how weary, stale, flat and unprofitable life in the universe would be! *But it is not so.* The latest products of the creation—we men and women—are the first of all creatures to guess its deep significance and its infinite goal. The life behind the material universe is *intelligent* because it becomes intelligence in us. It is *loving* because its highest product in us is love. It is *personal* because we have risen to the dignity of personality.

Out of nothing, nothing comes. Out of a blind, unending dance of material atoms nothing but a blind, unending dance of atoms could evolve, though eternity were the stage allowed for its evolution. It is intelligence, purpose, God, that we demand as a necessity of thought, infusing life and spirit into the process whose beginning and whose end are hidden from us by thick darkness, but whose meaning for ourselves is shown in every warning of conscience and every beckoning of the ideal life. *The universe is divine* because it reveals to us, in spite of present evil, the working out through all the pain and hardship of our life of a goodness in man that shall at length answer back to the Eternal Goodness of which it is the faint reflection. "The earnest expectation of the creation," wrote Paul, "waiteth for the revealing of the sons of God." The sons of God, whenever and wherever they reveal themselves, are they who explain and justify the whole creative process from the beginning!

Unity Church, St. Paul, Minn.

RICHARD W. BOYNTON.

Ruskin on Women and War.

Mr. Ruskin, at the close of a lecture on war, made the following remarks to the ladies present: *"Only by your command, or by your permission, can any war take place among us. And the real reason for all the poverty, misery and rage of battle through Europe is simply that you women, however good and religious, however self-sacrificing for those whom you love, are too selfish and too thoughtless to take pains for any creature out of your immediate circle.* Let every Christian woman who has conscience toward God vow that she will mourn for His killed creatures. *Let every lady in the happy classes of civilized Europe simply vow that while any cruel war proceeds, she will wear black—a mute's black—with no jewel, no ornament, and I tell you again no war would last a week."*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The Old Testament Bible Stories Told for the Young

—by—

W. L. SHELDON,

Lecturer of the Ethical Society of St. Louis.

XIX

The Flight of Moses and the Burning Bush.

Now I must tell you something about that boy Moses. As you remember, he belonged to the people of Israel. But by and by as he grew older he had been taken away from his mother and carried to the home of the princess, where he had been brought up as an Egyptian. But there can be no doubt that as the boy began to talk before he had been carried to the palace of the King of Egypt, his mother must have told him who he was, and how she had saved him. She had warned him that he must not say anything about this, lest he should be put to death. And so when the time came for him to be carried away there was nothing to be done. He had to bid his mother good-bye and go off and live in the beautiful home of the princess, where he was to be educated as an Egyptian. I suppose if it had been any one else but a princess, the daughter of the king, this would not have been allowed; because the king had commanded that all the boys born to the Israelites should be cast into the river.

In the meantime everything was growing worse and worse for the poor Children of Israel. Their tasks were becoming harder and harder and the Egyptians were treating them more and more like slaves. There were fewer children in their homes now and they had less and less hope. In the meantime there was Moses who was not being treated as a slave, but as a prince; yet he never forgot that he belonged to the people of Israel, and that he was not an Egyptian. He knew how his people were suffering; how they were being made slaves, while he was being brought up as a prince. And he kept thinking about this a great deal, although he did not forget how kindly he had been treated by the princess, because he was not an ungrateful boy.

One day, however, after he had grown up, he was in one of those cities where the people of Israel were working night and day as slaves; and he looked on until it seemed as if it was more than his heart could bear. He did not know what he could do. He thought of going back and pleading with the princess, asking her if she would not try and do something for his people. But he knew that while she had been kind to him she could not influence the king or the rest of the Egyptians, who had become selfish and hardhearted and cared nothing whatever for the poor Israelites. And as he stood looking on, he saw one of the Egyptians striking one of the Israelites and just about to kill him. This was more than Moses could stand. He turned to save the man of his own race and in doing so he slew the Egyptian. Then he did not know what he was to do. He was quite sure that if it became known how he had slain an Egyptian he would be put to death, even if he had been brought up as the son of the princess. He looked this way and that, asking himself what course he had better take. Should he go back and plead with the princess? But he said to himself, "No, it will be of no use. I must fly."

Hence Moses had to leave his beautiful home where he had had everything he wanted, and had been treated as a prince for many years. He had to flee and go into another country, where the people should not know him. And he went to the land of Midian.

But even when he came there he did not know how he should be treated. He was not sorry for what he had done. He knew it was right. He had saved the life of one of his fellow men; a man who had belonged to his own race and who was about to be killed by the wicked Egyptian. Moses was not a man to regret having done what was right. He never for once thought about that beautiful palace and wished himself back there. But yet, here he was, alone in the land of Midian, with nothing to drink nor eat, and not knowing how he was going to take care of himself. He came at last to a well in that country. And as he stood there by the well a number of young women came there to draw water to give drink to their fathers' flocks. But some other shepherds came up and drove them away. This was anything but a brave and manly thing for young men to attack those young women and drive them away. Surely, we cannot help thinking that such men must have been cowards. But there was Moses all alone, looking on. And so he stepped in and attacked them there. And although there were a number of them and he was all alone, he succeeded and they fled; so that the young women could go back and give water to their flocks.

Then Moses came forward and helped them draw water. This was a kind act and those young women felt that a great service had been done to them by this brave young man, Moses. They went home, therefore, to their father and told him how a man had rescued them and how he had stayed to help them water their flocks. This is what they said to their father: "An Egyptian delivered us out of the hand of the shepherd; and moreover he drew water for us and watered the flocks." And he said unto his daughters, "Where is he? Why is it that ye have left the man? Call him, that he may come and eat bread." At once they went and called Moses. They liked him very much indeed for what he had done for them. And Moses felt at home with them. It quite often happens, as you know, that people feel very kindly toward the persons for whom they have done a service. Surely Moses liked this man and his family all the more; and he stayed with them and the father gave him one of his daughters to become his wife; and her name was Zipporah. And there was Moses with his wife Zipporah, living in the Land of Midian alone, far away from his own people, not daring to go back, lest he should be put to death by the king of the Egyptians.

While he was staying in Midian, however, he had a peculiar experience and it became the turning point in his life. It seems that at one time when in care of his flocks he brought them to a place called Mount Horeb. And as he was staying there we are told how he observed a flame of fire coming out of the midst of a bush. He looked and behold the bush burned with fire and the bush was not consumed. And Moses said: "I will turn aside now and see this great sight, why the bush is not burned." Then as he drew near he heard a voice saying to him: "Moses! Moses!" And he answered, "Here am I." And the voice said: "Draw not nigh hither; put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground."

And Moses felt that it was the voice of the Great Ruler speaking to him. Out of the burning bush came a charge to him that he should go back to Egypt, see the king there and ask to bring all the Israelites over to this mountain where they could worship. This, of course, was a fearful responsibility. Think what it would mean for Moses to go and appear before the great king of Egypt and make such a demand? What could he say and how should he address the king? As he stood there thinking, he answered to the voice: "I am not eloquent, neither heretofore, nor since thou hast spoken unto Thy servant; for I am slow of speech and of a slow tongue." Then came the reply from the voice: "Is there not Aaron thy brother? I know that he can speak well. Thou shalt speak unto him and put words into his mouth. I will be with thy mouth and with his mouth and will teach you what ye shall do, and he shall be thy spokesman."

There was nothing left for Moses now but to go forward and obey. He knew at any rate that the men who sought his life in Egypt were now all dead. He took his wife and his sons, therefore, and returned to that country.

Then having found his brother Aaron, according to the charge laid upon him, they went in and told Pharaoh, the king of Egypt: "Thus saith the Lord, Let my people go that they may hold a feast unto me in the Wilderness." And Pharaoh said, "Who is the Lord that I should obey his voice to let Israel go? I know not the Lord and I will not let Israel go. Wherefore do ye, Moses and Aaron, loose the people from their work? Get ye unto your burdens."

And Pharaoh commanded the same day the taskmasters of the people and their officers, saying: "Ye shall no more give the people straw to make brick as heretofore; let them go and gather straw for themselves; let there more work be laid upon the men that they may labor therein; and let them not regard vain words."

This was hard indeed upon the children of Israel. They were expected as slaves to make their bricks without straw, as it was said to them: "Get you straw where ye can find it; go therefore now and work; for there shall no straw be given you, but ye shall deliver the tale of bricks." And so it was that the sufferings of the people were greater than ever.

To the Teacher: Tell the fore part of the chapter simply as a portion of the general narrative. Touch upon the sterling character of Moses in standing by his people and being willing to give up the life of the palace for their sakes. You could expand upon the honors and luxuries he would have to lose, and what it meant for him to go and dwell in a strange country and to put up with severe hardships after the life of a palace. The story of the "burning bush" is classic and must not be overlooked. It would be better not to introduce any pictures in connection with it as this would make it too realistic. Call attention to the phrase "making bricks without straw" because of the way this has passed into everyday speech.

Memory Verse: *Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground.*

THE STUDY TABLE.

The February Magazine Table.

The February *Atlantic* will be laid aside for re-reading and for future reference by the true "Atlantic reader" if for no other reason than that it contains reminiscences of Walt Whitman by J. T. Trowbridge, a study of Stephen A. Douglas' "Lincoln's Rival," an article on the fame of Victor Hugo and a careful study of Mr. Scudder's "Life of Lowell," all of which are articles that deserve a permanent place on the library shelf.

The *Harper's* contains Mark Twain's "Double-Barreled Detective Story" and "Dwellings of Peace," by Henry Van Dyke, and Clinton Scollard's "Night Beautiful," two poems worth the reading. But more than these attractive new things one loves the insertion of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," illustrated by Edwin A. Abbey. The artist has discovered the very heart of the dear old poem, and the printing and paper well sustain both artist and poet.

Bishop Potter's "The Uses of a Cathedral" and "Browning in Venice" are the two articles that command our attention in the *Century*, but once having the magazine in our hand, we will not stop until we have read Beatrice Herford's charming monologue, "The Book Agent," and "Characteristic Glimpses of Lincoln."

The *American Journal of Sociology* for January contains the first number of "Studies in Contemporary Sociology," by Lester F. Ward, and "Poor Relief in the United States," by E. Münsterberg. A third article on "Social Aspects in the Stock Yards" is interesting reading. The illustrations are very instructive.

The *Review of Reviews* is made a desirable number by the account given of Marconi's triumph, about which in our ignorance we were skeptical until we came upon the clear statement of the process in this magazine, and the still more graphic story of the procedure in *McClure's*. When the three dots, the Morse representation of the letter "s," ticked off from the shores of Cornwall, were heard through a telephone receiver on the rocky coast of Newfoundland two thousand miles away, with no communicating medium between except the atmosphere, something more profoundly prophetic happened than on the memorable day when Cyrus W. Field received a similar message through the submarine cable. Let the stolid world awake to a realization of the startling event and let the cynic and the pessimist look for further developments.

The *Current Encyclopaedia*, issued in monthly parts in Chicago, compels respect by the great amount of up-to-date information it contains. Its alphabetical arrangements and competent writers as well as the admirable typography make it a valuable contribution to the student's library. The January number before us contains an article on "Japanese Art," by Professor Buckley, of the Chicago University, an article on "Nicaragua," by Eugene Parsons, filled with informing figures, and some late information concerning the Nobel prizes, with much other matter equally attractive.

The *Open Court* contains Professor Triggs' study of Tolstoy, which he calls "An Instance of Conversion." We suspect, like all stories of conversion, there is too sharp an emphasis on lines and times. Professor Triggs finds a sharp transition in the life of Tolstoy in the year 1873, but a careful study of the writings that precede this date shows that Tolstoy was born with a sensitive conscience, an aptitude for suffering, a capacity for altruism, which made the "conversion" only an incident in the evolution of a remarkable life.

In addition to the article on Marconi in *McClure's*, already alluded to, La Farge's article on Raphael, with the reproduction on tinted background, is a valuable introduction to that fascinating section of art history which it is hoped many young people will read.

Charities, the weekly organ of the New York Charity Organization Society, is a visitor that ought to be regular in its appearance on every minister's table. This number contains special reports of the various methods of taking care of the insane in different states. This magazine has its usual tilt against the county care of the incurable insane, notwithstanding the fact, as it seems to us, that this system has carried the problem farther toward its ultimate solution than any other system tried. The farm environment, the small asylum, the local management, the direct supervision of the state board of control, such as is realized in the Wisconsin system, yields results far less deserving of blame than those that go with the overcrowded, vast communities of state institutions.

The *Chautauquan* for this month contains some delightful photographic studies of the chick-a-dee-dee by Francis H. Herrick, of the Western Reserve University. Here are some inspiring triumphs of the new hunting. Let the knights and ladies of the camera study them and go and do likewise. It is refreshing to find so appreciative a study of Lessing's "Nathan the Wise" in this number. This is a great classic of non-sectarian religion. Let the Chautauquans rise to an appreciation of it and their boasted toleration will give way to inspiring appreciation.

The *Cambrian*, published at Utica, is an increasingly interesting organ of the Cambro-Americans. It is well edited and contains much that will interest the student of the Celtic races outside the Cambrian branch. This number contains appreciative reviews of O. M. Edwards' book on Wales in "The Story of the Nations" series, and of Henry V in "The Heroes of the Nations" series, both of which throw much light on this little country whose story is still largely unknown even by the well informed and complacent Anglo-Saxon.

The *Conservator* reproduces as an illuminated frontispiece to its February number a considerable portion of the address of Verestchagin delivered at All Souls Church, Chicago, and specially reported and printed in UNITY.

If the magazines, plethoric with advertisements, would only put their indices where the hurried reader and the still more hurried editor could get at them, they would stand a better chance of being judged by their best and not by their poorest. We have a handful of such magazines before us, the quest for the index of which we have given up, but we have succeeded in discovering that *Everybody's Magazine* has a tempting article on "The Life of the Deep Sea" and one on "Anarchy" by Professor Lombroso. The *New England Magazine* has some interesting facsimile reproductions of the Washington-Green correspondence. The *National Magazine* has a study of some phases of the irrigation problem, and some people may be interested in knowing how President McKinley seemed to Mark Hanna; here is the second paper, entitled "William McKinley as I Knew Him." The *Four-Track News*, a charming railroad advertising monthly, contains a study of "Indians and Their Baskets," by our friend G. Wharton James, who knows a lot about Indians. *Good Housekeeping* must be attractive to the housekeeper.

Here are five school monthlies, all of them containing much valuable professional matter, but all of them showing signs of being printed under stress if not in distress. Evidently the era of combination has not come in the realm of pedagogical journals. Here are *The School News, The Educational Gazette, The Progressive Teacher, School and Home Education* and *The Kindergarten Magazine*. They are good as they are, but if they could be fused, boiled down and "sugared off," as they do in the maple sugar camp, would it not be better for the craft and would they not reach a larger constituency, with a great economy of time, money and strain?

Honor Your Teacher.

The teachers of the youth of this land have more to do with the perpetuity of our liberties than has the president of the United States. Take off your hat to the school teacher. She is the angel of the Republic and the savior of the nation.—*The New World.*

THE HOME.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—God is not so wary as we, else He would give us no friends, lest we forget Him.

MON.—Remembrance is more sweet than robins in May orchards.

TUES.—Love makes us "heavenly" without our trying in the least.

WED.—Cling tight to the hearts that will not let you fall.

THURS.—Travel why to nature, when she dwells with us?

FRI.—Gratitude is the timid wealth of those who have nothing.

SAT.—While we are trying for others, power of life comes back, very faint at first, like the new bird, but by and by it has wings. *Emily Dickinson.*

The Happiest Heart.

The happiest heart is simple,
  None dares to call it wise;
It sees the beauty of its life
  With frank and truthful eyes;
It has a knack of loving,
  It has a truthful way—
Oh, what a foolish heart is this!
  The worldlier people say!

The happiest heart is childlike,
  It never quite grows old;
It sees the sunset's splendor
  As it saw the dawning's gold;
It has a gift for gladness,
  Its dreams die not away—
"Oh, what a foolish, happy heart!"
  The worldlier people say!

—*St. Louis Republican.*

The Hero of Sedalia; or, Divinity in Devotion to Duty.

He was now the leading doctor of Sedalia. Every rung in the long ladder of fame by which Theodore Teeso had climbed from the congested street of poverty to the broad avenue of wealth and position bore the impress and seal of devotion to duty. As a lad in his old preceptor's office, he had carefully swept and dusted the office, fed and cleaned the doctor's horse, punctually kept appointments and had the carriage at the door promptly, however unseasonable the hour or unfavorable the weather. Unconsciously the old doctor dismissed from his mind many details that young Teeso had assumed, such as keeping appointments, laying in new supplies of drugs, seeing that all instruments were properly kept and in readiness for operations, and, indeed, before the boy had been really regarded as a medical student, he had made himself so useful in so many ways that the old doctor found himself already relying upon the youth for help more than he realized or thought possible.

Through his college course he was not noted for brilliancy in recitation, but rather for care and thoroughness in all he did and absolute responsibility in all experiments assigned him. Nothing he did was done "good enough" until it was his best product. Years rolled by and he was back again in Sedalia, the young partner of his former preceptor. The practice was soon all his own, as it fell naturally to the younger and abler man even before the senior partner had voluntarily retired.

But a popular physician Dr. Teeso could not be termed, unless among the poorer classes. Here his popularity, already great, was growing daily as his charitable deeds, which for a time he had succeeded in covering up, were gradually coming to light and were related with added interest for having been concealed. However, new popularity usually begets jealousy. Many older physicians at first were ready to discount his praises, and when Dr. Teeso refused to leave the bedside of a peasant's sick child to testify in a railroad magnate's lawsuit in the interests of his company, he was dubbed by the magnate as duty's fool as well as its slave.

The magnate's servant who went to the house of Dr. Teeso was met at the door by Angela, the doctor's sister.

"Dr. Teeso has not yet returned," she said. "He has been out since midnight. I am sorry that he is not here to answer so urgent a call as yours; but in distressing times like these when the plague is raging he seems to be wanted everywhere at once."

"But I must find him and bring him with me to my master's house," said the messenger. "A thousand pounds shall be his reward. I *must* bring him. Can you tell me where he is?"

"Yes," answered Angela. "He is attending a very sick child, the only daughter of a poor man, a tenant on your master's estate. The child's life is hanging by a thread, and no reward you could offer him would make him leave her bedside till he has done his best to save her."

The messenger returned to his master, the rich and powerful merchant of Sedalia, and reported the failure of his message.

"A strange man, this Dr. Teeso," said the merchant. "My wealth commands fleets on the ocean and great caravans on the land; but here is a man whom wealth cannot move from what he calls his duty to the sick child of a peasant. I will prefer a charge to the council against him at their meeting to try and have his license revoked till he is more agreeable to my wishes."

But when the merchant reached the council meeting he found that body in great excitement. The plague was spreading over the city at an alarming rate. The doctors reported that they were powerless to stop it until some one would dissect the body of one who had died of the disease and described its action on the internal organs. But that, they all agreed, would be death to the doctor who did it. Who would volunteer? A silence fell upon the council. But a calm and firm voice soon broke the stillness. It was the voice of Dr. Teeso, who had recently arrived. He seemed to be speaking to himself more than to his hearers.

"My life," he said, "has been one of uniform and unswerving devotion to duty. Her index finger I have gradually learned to follow, for the path she points out to her disciples grows plainer the farther it is pursued, her voice grows clearer, her beck and nod are easier understood. In this case, there is to me no mistaking her behest. Her finger clearly points out my way, and since I have decided to volunteer my life to this service, her smile of approval guarantees to me the fortitude that I shall need to perform the undertaking. I pledge to you, gentlemen, my best service in this cause, and asking the help of Him to whose work I have so far sought to consecrate my life, I volunteer my service to the undertaking."

He ceased speaking, and before the listeners could realize what he had said, he withdrew to the dissecting room, performed the dissection, carefully wrote down his observations, disinfected the papers, and putting them outside the door, retired to an inner room and died in a short time. The record he left enabled the physicians to stop the plague.

The magnate who visited the council to censure him built a monument in the public square to his memory and caused to be inscribed upon it: "To the man whom I have in my blindness called a fool and slave to duty I now dedicate this monument as an acknowledgment that those whose lives are devoted to duty are the saviors, heroes and benefactors of mankind."

Thus passed from Sedalia a savior of mankind. His

life had been attuned to the harmonies of duty's loftiest strains and when her baton beat to a note that required a life to reach the climax of her divine concert, he gave up his in the ecstasy of duty's grandest symphony. W. M. W.

His Gift.

Three years ago there died in one of our Southern cities a man whose rules of life were so different from those of his neighbors that most of them thought him mad.

He lived in a spacious old house, surrounded by a garden, which he had bought forty years ago. Large blocks of business houses now hemmed it in, and he was offered a price for his lot which would have made him rich. But he would not sell it.

"This is home to my old wife," he said. "I could not buy for her with the money you offer the comfort and content she has in her home and garden."

"But you can make your sons rich," it was urged.

"I do not want to make them rich," he replied.

His neighbors sold their lots, speculated, amassed large fortunes, pushed their sons into politics or made them manufacturers or brokers, that they might amass still larger wealth. He made of his boys working horticulturists like himself.

"It is a business which will give them comfort, but not wealth," he said. "In it, too, they will not be employed by other men, nor employ many hands, and so will be outside of any future struggle between capital and labor in this country."

When he had gained a sum large enough to keep his wife from want, if she should survive him, he gave up his vineyard and gardens to his sons, and devoted the rest of his life to charitable work and to the culture of a new grape of a peculiarly fine flavor. When he had succeeded in bringing it to perfection, he gave cuttings from it to all the poor horticulturists that he knew.

"A man," he said, "should try to leave the world richer by something for his having been in it. Some men leave a great picture or a book or noble thoughts to it. I only have a grape to give."

He gave it with all his heart. His neighbors, whose business in life had been to gather great heaps of money, called him eccentric. Judged by all that is noble in life, who was more sane, he or they?—*The New World.*

Civil Engineering Among Ants.

One day a silk grower saw some ants, who are fond of silkworms, climb up a mulberry tree and worry the worms on it so much that they fell from the branches to the ground below where other ants were ready to receive them and hurriedly carry them off. Mr. Besson put a band of bird lime around the trunk of the tree to stop this. For four days it proved an impassable barrier; on the fifth an engineer made his appearance; one ant placed in the lime a large grain of sand, which he had carried there in his mandibles, and went down the tree again. Then other ants came, felt of this embryonic bridge, went down also, and, after a few minutes, returned, each bearing his grain of sand. This work was continued for about half an hour, when the bridge crossed the bird lime entirely, and was wide enough for four ants to march across abreast. Mr. Besson had not the courage to destroy their work, and abandoned his mulberry tree to them as a recompense for this act of intelligence.

One has seen an army of ants, stopped by a brook, proceed to form a bridge by forcing their workers to cling, each one to the next, in a chain, over whose backs the army passed dry shod. The crossing made, the bridgemakers separated and got over as best they could, often losing their lives in the attempt.—*Camille Flammarion.*

UNITY

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

THE UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY

3939 Langley Avenue, Chicago

$2.00 per annum. In Clubs of ten or more, $1.00 per annum.

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes.

HINDUISM VERSUS CHRISTIANITY.—The *Indian Messenger* of December 29, 1901, was a most interesting, suggestive number and may furnish material for this column on more than one occasion. For to-day the following comments on the reply of Dr. Welldon, Bishop of Calcutta, to an open letter from our old friend, Mr. P. C. Mozoomdar, are worthy of meditation. The cultured Englishman, though "undoubtedly more catholic than the majority of Christian propagandists," had yet found it in his heart to say: "Bad Christians may be and are morally inferior to many Hindus; but no one, I think, can doubt that a Christian society possesses, and a Hindu society does not possess in itself, certain distinctive elements of truth, liberty, progress, and spirituality." To this the Hindu editor makes in part this telling rejoinder, in which the italics are ours:

"Now to come to an examination of the distinctive elements which, according to Dr. Welldon, a Christian society possesses and a Hindu society does not possess. As to truth and spirituality it is absurd to hold that a Hindu society does not possess them, and that the Christian societies are pre-eminently distinguished for them. History gives the lie direct to such a belief. As to love of liberty few peoples have been so famous for it as the Hindu Rajputs and Maharattas of old, and if the Hindu nation as a whole has not in recent centuries made any great struggle for it, Dr. Welldon well knows that many circumstances,—not the least of which was their very excess of that spirituality which he thinks they do not possess,—combined to produce this effect. *And at the present time,* we may be permitted to observe, *it is not the Hindus who are lacking in their desire to enjoy, not perfect liberty, but only a few privileges which would mark a sort of semi-liberty, but it is a Christian society, distinguished, according to Dr. Welldon, by their fondness for liberty, who would not grant even these small privileges which the Hindus ask for.* Anyhow the teachings of the Christian religion are no more responsible for the love of liberty of some European nations than is Hinduism or Mohammedanism for the political disabilities under which the Indians suffer. The Russians are not particularly famous for their love of free institutions, nor are the Roman Catholics as a class pre-eminently averse to spiritual tyranny. As to progress, it always goes with liberty, plus, of course, certain indispensable moral and intellectual qualities. If the Christian nations of the West have been progressing rapidly for some centuries past, Christian religion as such has done more to thwart and check the progress than to accelerate it. It is science that has emancipated Europe; and science, it is notorious, has had many a tough tussle with Christianity, in which the latter had always the worst of it, and being vanquished in the conflict, only gave an ungracious support to science and progress but by no means originated them. Comparing religion with religion (though we do not like such comparisons) one might say, the pure, rational theism of the Upanishads is more in harmony with the spirit of science and progress than the Jewish theology of the Bible."

HALL CAINE ON THE CONDITION OF INDIA.—Turning to *New India*, one's attention is caught by a citation from Mr. Caine's review of Mr. Digby's Prosperous British India, published in the London *Daily News*. Mr. Digby, it may be remembered, was the originator and honorary secretary of the

Indian famine relief fund in 1877. Mr. Caine's review is notable not only for its criticism of British administration in India but for its unusual view of international relations in the far East. He says:

"The great blight on the administration of India is excessive expenditure, and especially military expenditure. The people are impoverished to maintain a huge army, the costliest in the world, whose establishment is based on two exploded ideas. The first, that the Indian people, instead of being the most peaceable and law-abiding folk in the world, are seething with sedition and only want opportunity to murder every Englishman in their country; the second, that Russia is the steady, inveterate enemy of Great Britain, coveting above everything else the possession of India. These two superstitions have cost the Indian taxpayer hundreds of millions sterling, which might peacefully have been spent or even, left in the hands of the people themselves, have raised the average income to double that estimated by Lord Curzon, and made famine impossible. The military expenditure steadily increases, while the national wealth as steadily decreases. . . . From the time when the politicians of this country and India realize that Russia is our natural ally, is doing for Northern Asia what we aim to do for Southern Asia, and that the interests of both demand cordial friendship and co-operation, will date the reversal of the steady impoverishment of the Indian people and a flowing tide of prosperity in its place."

THE COLOR LINE IN THE AUSTRALIAN MAIL SERVICE.—*New India* calls attention also to a bit of Australian legislation directly affecting a large number of Asiatics, and points out the hopelessness of expecting any opposition to it on the part of the mother country. It appears that one section of a bill introduced into the Australian Parliament to regulate the postal and telegraph services of the commonwealth contains this provision: "No contract or arrangement for the carriage of mails shall be entered into on behalf of the commonwealth unless it contains a condition that only white labor shall be employed in such carriage." The Bengal Chamber of Commerce, unable to see any principle of right or equity in such legislation, has urged the Indian Government to enter the strongest possible protest against the Australian attempt to control what is essentially a part of the imperial system of communication between different parts of the empire. About 70,000 Asiatic seamen and firemen are at present employed on ocean-going steamers, and these men, the Chamber says, are among the most deserving and law-abiding of His Majesty's subjects, and it is "more than unreasonable that any section or number of them should be excluded from earning their living on the high seas by reason of their color." All this is true and just, comments *New India's* editor, but it is difficult to see what either the government of India or the Home Government can practically do to prevent this wrong. The present war in South Africa has demoralized both the English and the Australian peoples, and the former must submit to whatever the latter do. It would be a mistake to speak severely to the Australian commonwealth on this or any other matter because the only notice which it would take would be to get angry and talk of cutting the partnership. India, being only a dependency instead of a self-governing colony, must submit to be sacrificed to "the larger interests of the Empire." M. E. H.

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